

Arrowed III: The Re-arrowing

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Summary: DUMBER! RAUNCHIER! STUPIDER! MORE F*& %ED UP! Astrid wants to tell her fiancÃ© Hiccup that she's a dominatrix. But will she lose Hiccup forever when he finds out that she's a freak in the bedroom? Things are further complicated when Hiccup is shot with another arrow.

1. Chapter 1

This is the third in a series of short stories, but you can read this one without having read the others. Its pretty self explanatory.

If you want to read the stories that came before this one, the first one is "Arrowed". The second one is "Sequeled". Now you get to read a third one. Aren't you excited? No? Well, damn it, you should be.

****Warning:**** Incase this wasn't inherently obvious, I happen to be the saddest weirdo on the entire planet. Thereby, the story that proceeds contains what is essentially some really fucked up, nerdy S&M porn. I must warn you not to read this out loud whilst immersed in a crowd of nuns or fundamentalist conservative housewives. Also, this story is a poor choice for grade school show and tell. So if you were considering bringing this to grade school show and tell-CONSIDER BRINGING SOMETHING ELSE. What are you? Some kind of an idiot? Seriously, you guys, if this kind of thing disturbs you do yourself a favor and don't read it. If not, then enjoy.

****ARROWED III: THE RE-ARROWING****

Though Hiccup and Astrid were both 20 years old now and had been dating for awhile, the idea that they would eventually have sex with each other was still an extremely terrifying prospect. They were both virgins (as in Burk it was pretty much expected that people marry before they have sex) and as a natural consequence of this, they were both very nervous about the idea that they would have to sleep with each other after they were married. Hiccup was nervous because he was

shy and concerned that he would perform inadequately. Astrid, on the other hand, was nervous because she knew that once her relationship with Hiccup became sexual, things would get um..._complicated_ within regards to her all-consuming male bondage fetish, which Hiccup was currently oblivious to.

Its not that they didn't _want_ to have sex. They did. They loved each other. They were attracted to each other. They were engaged to be married and the wedding was scheduled in three days. Sex was going to happen and it was going to happen soon. It's just that sex changes the nature of a relationship and not necessarily in a positive way.

Astrid didn't think she was emotionally mature enough to handle it. She fantasized about it all day long and at night when she slept, but still, she was didn't think she was emotionally mature enough to handle it. She'd go out dragon flying with her fiancÃ©, and they'd land in some secluded part of the wilderness or a cliff by the sea, cuddle and make out, to the tune of their dragons stomping around in the distance. It felt good. It felt natural and not at all weird. Maybe this would be what going all the way might feel like. Maybe not. Maybe Astrid would lose herself in the ecstasy of it and forget to hide the fact that she was a fucked up weirdo. Maybe she would lose Hiccup forever.

She often imagined what his reaction might be like if she were to tell him about her fetish. _"Hey baby,"_ she imagined herself saying, and in her minds eye, she pictured herself and Hiccup alone in a dimly lit room with a bed. _"How 'bout I handcuff you to the bed and smack you around a little bit?"_ _

The Hiccup in her diseased brain grinned amorously. "_Ok_" he said. "_Sounds like fun_"

"So you're into it?"

_"I am _so_ into it."_

An alternate version of this scenario intruded itself upon her, interrupting the favorable outcome she had been imagining. In this scenario, Hiccup looks confused by Astrid's unusual request and then affronted. He chuckled nervously and backed away from her. _"Uh huh...or maybe we could...um...NOT do that,"_ this alternate version of Hiccup replied.

"Oh come on, pleeeaaaaase?" Astrid imagined herself insist. _"For me. Just a little bit."_

"Ok, so that would hurt and also NO."

"Ugh. Why are you such a lame prude, Hiccup?"

"Look, Astrid. I'm the chief of this entire village now. I'm not going to debase myself by being your sex slave."

Astrid thought about this for a while and then decided that she couldn't have Hiccup know about the way she was sexually. If he got freaked out by it, their relationship could be ruined. Damn it. Why did she have to care so much about the relationship now? Oh that's right, he was going to be her husband now, and also the Chief of

their entire village. The whole thing was just too much for her to handle.

Astrid kicked a dragon toy across the room, in her frustration. Toothless scuttled across the floor to retrieve it. Hiccup turned from the place where he had been sitting, drawing blueprints for some new catapults he was designing.

"You ok?" he asked her.

"I'm fine. Just playing with the dragons," she told him.

He resumed his previous activity.

Astrid has moved in with Hiccup after his father died. Technically, they weren't supposed to move in with each other until after they were married but Hiccup had been depressed and Astrid felt as though it were her responsibility to be there for him during this emotional time.

Astrid walked over to her dragon, Stormfly, who was asleep by the fireplace. She put a hand on the creature's blue snout and it opened its eyes.

"So do you think Ruffnut will through a fit when she finds out that she's not my maid of honor?" Astrid inquired conversationally.

"Probably," Hiccup replied, unconcerned. He was highly ambivalent toward Ruffnut and his other former class mates, who had bullied him relentlessly when he was younger. They'd changed their tune quickly after it became obvious that Hiccup would inherit his father's position as chief, and Hiccup tolerated their kissing of his ass, in the way that he believed a good chief should, with patience, politeness and understanding. However, he still couldn't care less whether or not Ruffnut would be upset that Astrid wasn't making her the maid of honor.

"She'll probably be the meanest drunk at the party," Astrid said.

"She would have been that anyway."

"Very true," Astrid conceded. "And I mean...the maid of honor is going to be my sister. How can she be mad about that?"

"I wouldn't worry about it," Hiccup said.

Astrid laid down next to Stormfly by the fire-place and stared up at the ceiling. It was unusual for Hiccup to purposely end a conversation like this. Did he think she was boring? Was he bored of her already? No. Maybe he was just busy. Maybe she was being paranoid. But then again...may not. Was this what being married to him was going to be like? Was she just going to be ignored forever, or until she got old and he replaced her with a younger woman? No. Hiccup wasn't like that. ...Or was he?

Shit. She was having a little panic attack about the wedding now. Was marrying him even the right decision? She loved him, sure, and he was the chief. How could she have done any better? Then again...Hiccup

could have any woman he wanted, now. Why would he still want her?

Astrid walked over to the place where Hiccup was sitting, fiddling with his papers, and put her arms around his narrow shoulders. He leaned into her and smiled, running his fingers through her blond hair.

"I want to do it," Astrid said.

"Do what?"

"...You know."

"Oh..._that_," Hiccup replied nervously. "Are you sure...I mean, you waited this long...and the wedding is only in three days."

"What's the harm in it? Even if I get pregnant, there's no way that I'm going to start showing in three days," said Astrid.

"Well...I guess that's true...", said Hiccup. "But I don't know I should probably finish this first."

Hiccup looked down at his papers. Astrid grabbed him by the chin and moved his face upward, in her direction.

"Hiccup, my boobs are up here," she said.

Hiccup blinked as though confused. Astrid removed her shirt and through it at Hiccup's head.

"Look at me," she demanded. "Pay attention to _me_."

"I'm sorry, I've just been so busy with politics stuff," said Hiccup. He pulled her shirt off of his face and looked at her for a moment, standing half-naked in front of him.

Hiccup blushed and looked away.

"You're very pretty," he observed uncomfortably. "But maybe...and I'm not saying definitely-but maybe, you're freaking out just a little bit. Which is ok, I mean. I'm freaking out too but..."

Astrid started unbuttoning Hiccup's shirt.

"Astrid?...W-what are you doing?" Hiccup stuttered, his blush deepening.

Astrid finished unbuttoning Hiccup's shirt. She leaned into him, enjoying the sensation of his soft skin against hers. His chin was mossy with stubble and she pushed her face against it greedily, locking her lips around his. As he kissed her back Astrid noted his goofy half-lidded expression with a bizarre mixture of genuine affection and malevolent lust. Was it weird that the thought of hurting him aroused her sexually?...Sure it was weird. But probably the more important question was...was it _wrong_?

Shit, Astrid. Control it. Control your crazy brain, Astrid thought. _Remember he doesn't need you. When he finds out that you're a fucked up weirdo he can just throw you away._

Astrid removed Hiccup's shirt and went to work on his pants. Hiccup just sort of sat there passively and let her undress him, his expression dazed.

They moved to the bed. Astrid grinned amorously as she observed his naked body. He still had that goddamn stupid zombified look on his face, though. She just wanted to smack it off.

No, Astrid. Control yourself, Astrid thought determinedly.

She observed her lover's naked body again, fascinated by every detail of it. This was the first time she'd seen him full frontal. Hiccup was lanky and narrow shouldered with skinny, muscular arms, deep intelligent green eyes and pale skin that was freckled and scarred from battle. She noted also that his erection was growing.

He put his arms around her and she imitated the gesture, feeling the contours of his back and buttocks as they continued to make out. She could feel the scar on his left buttock, left from the arrow that had impaled him years ago. Her hand tightened around the area as she caressed him.

He was on top of her, now. How had that happened? This was all happening so fast.

Someone knocked on the door. Hiccup froze, his blush deepening. _Damn it_, Astrid thought. _Who the hell could that be?_

2. Chapter 2

****Chapter 2****

Some one knocked on the door. Hiccup froze, his blush deepening.

"I better get that," he said.

Astrid pushed a finger to Hiccup's lips.

"Shhh...just ignore it. We're not home," she said.

"It might be important," Hiccup said.

"I'm sure its not," Astrid countered in irritation.

Hiccup stumbled out of the bed and quickly re-dressed himself. Astrid proceeded to re-dress herself as well, but she did so slowly and while glaring at Hiccup the entire time. He didn't notice. He was looking off in some other direction.

When they were both dressed, Hiccup walked to the door and opened it.

Fishlegs was standing there, looking distraught.

"Ok, so, I was trying to decide if I should get Ruffnut the pink or the blue corsage for the wedding, when I go over to her house, ok, and then she says she's...I don't know-like...she's going to the wedding with Snotlout instead...or something? So I'm all like 'babe I

thought we were going steady' and she's all like-

Hiccup slammed the door in Fishlegs' face and locked it.

"Ok," he said to Astrid. "You're right. It's not important."

Hiccup walked up to Astrid, who was sitting at the edge of the bed fully clothed with her arms crossed, looking severely pissed off. He rested his hands on her shoulders and looked down into her blue eyes.

"Ok," he said, grinning. "So where were we?"

Astrid slapped him in the face.

"OW! What was that for?"

"Don't fucking touch me!"

"_What?_ What the hell are you talking about? I thought you _wanted_ to have sex!"

"Not anymore, doofus."

"Ok," said Hiccup. "So obviously you're on your period or something because I didn't actually do anything wrong and there is _no_ reason for you to be mad. So maybe we should just go back to what we were doing and-"

"Why don't you go answer the door again, Hiccup?" Astrid whispered angrily. "It might be _important_. Or maybe you should fiddle around with those papers some more that's _important_ too. You know what else is _important..._eating enough green vegetables. Why don't you run down to the market place and get some green vegetables so that you can eat them _right away_, because it's JUST SO IMPORTANT and it absolutely can't wait MORE THAN TWO SECONDS."

Hiccup stared at her for a moment.

"Wow," he said after awhile. "Did you bitch this much _before_ we were engaged?"

"What the fuck did you just say to me?"

"You heard me."

Astrid stood up and walked across the room. She opened a drawer of one of the cabinets and grabbed a fist full of clothes and things that were hers.

"You know what," she said, choking back tears. "Maybe there shouldn't even be a wedding!"

"You know what," Hiccup shouted back at her nastily. "Maybe there shouldn't be!"

She dumped her things into a suitcase, considered doing a more thorough search of the room for things that belonged to her and then reconsidered. Whatever she was forgetting wasn't worth the extra twenty seconds it would take to walk across the room and pick it

up.

"Fuck this shit! I'm moving back in with my parents!" Astrid sobbed, forcing the suitcase shut under her boot and snapping it closed.
"Let's go, Stormfly."

Astrid's dragon blinked, looking confused. It rose slowly and followed it's master obediently as she walked to the door.

"Have fun being important!" She screamed at Hiccup without turning to look at him.

"I will!" Hiccup yelled back.

Astrid exited the building with her dragon and then slammed the door behind her.

End
file.